

universal learning.

So it is these three: beauty, power, and knowledge, that make Indianapolis more than just my birthplace to me.

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Mistake by Noah

LOUISE RYMAN

It might have changed history—but it didn't.

Noah was happy. A home-loving body was Noah, content with his lot. He had his wife, and he had his pigs. He had his garden and a house full of in-laws.

Noah had a hobby. He liked to build arks. In his house were arks of all descriptions; big and small, round and square, red arks and blue arks.

Noah was a dreamer. One night he had a dream about a great storm and rising water. A plan for a magnificent ark took shape in Noah's mind. In the morning he told his wife and his in-laws about the dream. The in-laws laughed at Noah, and his wife made him stop drinking coffee.

But Noah started building. Each day there was sawing, pounding, and hammering in Noah's home. Noah's wife held her head and moaned. She cursed the day that she ever married Noah.

Then it began to rain. The in-laws looked worried; so did Noah's wife. Not so Noah. Confidently he led his wife, his pigs, and his in-laws down to the ark. The name of Noah would go down in history as the preserver of mankind.

But Noah's cause was lost. So was Noah, his wife, his pigs, and the house full of in-laws. Noah had built the ark in the basement.

Pittsburgh-Slightly Wet

NORMAN BICKING

Pittsburgh's Great Flood of 1936 was the most perfectly staged catastrophe it has been my misfortune to witness. Only one being could have been capable of such a deed, and that being none other than Old Mother Nature herself. She planned it, and provided the characters. Two great rivers, the Alleghany and the Monongahela, join at Pittsburgh to form the still greater Ohio. A situation like that is always loaded with potential dynamite. Last March 17 this charge went off with terrible results. It had been raining rather heavily prior to that date, but no one was even slightly perturbed. This might have been reasonable, but those downpours had been not only local; they also were occurring simultaneously over the vast watersheds feeding two of our main actors. Then entered the final addition to the cast. Snow in the mountains melted abruptly with the sudden appearance of warm weather. Immediately the weather bureau issued flood warnings.

Now keep this in mind; flood stage at the Point in Pittsburgh is twenty-five feet. The warnings predicted a stage, or crest, of thirty-five feet. On Tuesday evening the rivers had begun their rise. The swiftness of the ascent caused veteran rivermen to glance at each other questioning-ly. There was a tenseness about; even the air felt laden with menace. Anxiously observers at the Point watched the gauge. The onrushing waters crept steadily, silently upward. Low places were submerged many feet before the thirty-five foot mark was reached. Thousands of tons of muddy waters were even now paralyzing the life of the Golden Triangle. Cars were engulfed. Hundreds of workers trapped in the upper stories of skyscrapers called for help. All that

night rescuers worked tirelessly to save people whose places of refuge were no longer habitable. Dawn broke upon a scene of desolation. Fully a third of the Triangle lay below those heaving flood waters. In homes radios were on constantly, but they announced nothing but "rising, still rising."

Then came the final awful news. At four o'clock all power would be shut off. The man announced, with impressive gravity, that at any moment the main light and power plants would be flooded. Last reports said the level had mounted to forty-five feet, and the rise was slowing. Then a blanket of silence and darkness closed down, and Pittsburgh was shut off from the outside world. Rumors flew wildly; a water shortage, a food famine, looters being shot on sight, Johnstown completely destroyed. The rumors were mostly unfounded, but who was there to deny them? Night came with an absolute dark, brightened only by the feeble, flickering gleams of candles. People stayed off the streets. It was a fear-filled dark that passed.

By Thursday morning the waters had reached their crest, and the recession began. The all time high was forty-seven feet. At the crest, many downtown streets were covered by almost twenty feet of brown debris-loaded water. At places the tops of streetcars barely pushed through. Damages were mounting into millions of dollars.

Rapidly and efficiently the work of reconstruction started. Soldiers guarded the downtown area, and only those so authorized could gain admittance. No sooner did the waters leave a street than the clean-up squads went into action. Red Cross stations were set up; the hunt for missing persons was under way. Slowly but surely the city dug itself out, and soon the wheels of industry began to move once more. Lights and power put heart into the most disheartened. In the short space of a week, "Business

As Usual" signs were being displayed, even in the worst ravaged sections. Normalcy held sway once more.

Schilling

Dill Pickles

DOROTHY SCHILLING

What completes a delectable vision of swiss cheese on rye? What relish is most popular on a wiener-roast? What is the complement for potato salad on a luncheon plate? What is a picnic without dill pickles? There is your answer—dill pickles. The majority of vigorous, healthy people have a tendency to reach for a pickle. One seldom stops to credit the warty little green vegetable with its due rights.

Now there are pickles and pickles. I am speaking at this time of the dill pickle; the one of the most tantalizing, sweet-sour taste. This species most often frequents the camp-fire table. It is not usually appreciated by the sophisticates as is the tender, miniature sweet pickle, or other frail hors d'oeuvres. Of course, in some cases it is allowed to grace the elaborately set tables, but only after it has been carved down to unrecognizable proportions.

A pickle of this kind should be grasped in its entirety, quite firmly, in one's hand, for the most effective method of mastication. It should appear in sandwich form in thick, juicy slices cut lengthwise. For decorative purposes it may be sliced obliquely in circles. Frequently dill pickles are quartered into long triangular boats. These latter are usually limp, and lose their appeal when we are forced to attack them with knife and fork.

So, take a moment to consider the pickle situation when next confronted with a swiss cheese sandwich, or a plate of pernickety hors d'oeuvres. Notice how it is sliced. Does it still retain its fresh, spicy juice? Is your mouth watering? Would you like a pickle right now?